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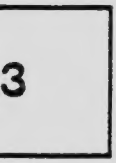

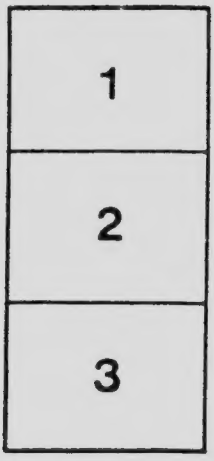

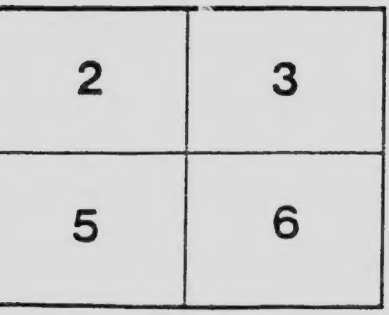

No. X.

NAVAL AND PATRIOTIC POEMS

THE SEA QUEEN WAKES

She wakes! in the furthest West the murmur has reached our ears.
She wakes! in the furthest East the Russian listens and fears.
She wakes! the ravens clamour, the winds cry overhead;
The wandering waves take up the cry, "She wakes, whom Nations dread!"

She calls, and Her ships of battle—dragons Her seas have bred—
Glide into Plymouth harbour, and gather round Beachy Head.
She wakes! and the clang of arming echoes through all the Earth,
The ring of warrior's weapons, stern music of soldiers' mirth.

In the world there be many nations, and there gathers round every Throne
The strength of earth-born armies, but the sea is England's own.
As she ruled, She still shall rule it, from Plymouth to Esquimalt,
As long as the winds are tameless—as long as the waves are salt.

This may be our Armageddon; seas may purple with blood and ·me
As we go to our rest for ever, leaving the world a name.
What matter? There have been none like us, nor any to tame our pride;
If we fall, we shall fall as they fell, die as our Fathers died—

What better? The seas that bred us shall rock us to rest at last,
If we sink with the Jack still flying, nailed to the Nation's mast.

Victoria, B.C.

SIR CLIVE PHILLIPPS-WOLLEY.

THE SILENT SHIPS

Out where the ocean meets the sky and the sky sits on the rim,
Where the sea mists fall and the sea birds fly and the sea rolls gray and grim,
And the dank fog lies like a cloud of night where the sullen waters flow,
The silent ships, the silent ships, the ships of England go.

They drink the reek of the washing waves when the gale whines to the shore,
At equal ease though the soft sea laves or the boiling breakers roar;
Gaunt and gray as the hand of death, as the hand of death are they,
And their long lines lie across the sky as they wait for the toasted "Day."

No fishing smack is the prize they seek, no schooner coasting by;
Whene'er the guns of Britain speak 'tis fighting men that die;
The child may sleep in his crib secure while up the briny deep
The silent ships, the silent ships, the ships of England sweep.
Not theirs the lot to strike and run, not theirs to fight and flee;
Their heavy duty must be done—'tis theirs to hold the sea;
In storm and stress, in cloud and rain, in darkness or in light
They hold the sea, the cold black sea, the wild sea raging white!

Oh Nelson, Drake and Frobisher, Oh men who made us free,
In days of mighty need you were the masters of the sea;
And masters still thy sons shall be when through the storm and reek
The silent ships, the silent ships, the ships of England speak!

Calgary, Alberta.

ROBERT J. C. STEAD.

TRAFALGAR, OCT. 21, 1805

See to your priming. Keep it dry.
Forty-six of 'em yonder lie.
Curse the breeze! It is almost done.
Whistle now, every mother's son.
See the Admiral's happy smile.
Cheer, ye lubbers! Another mile,
Then to pay for the months of chase,
Pay on the nail, with grape and case.

Hold your ranks. Not a single change!
Down! The enemy has the range.
Steady, lads, though the blocks may fall,
Nelson sees you and loves you all.
Hardy laughs while the splinters fly.
Not a gun, till we're wearing by.
Stand. God bless ye, the time is near.
Hard-a-starboard! Now, damme, *cheer!*

See the plight of the *Téméraire,*
Never a sail to catch the air!
Fighting still with a shattered crew,
Gunnery smoke wreaths on the blue.
Look at the *Vanguard,* missing stays!
Look at the *Victory's* broadside blaze.
Double-shot for a double foe.
That for England, and Plymouth Hoe!

. . . . . .

Sou'-sou'-west is the freshing gale.
But the Admiral, cold and pale,
Lies a corse in his weary ship.
Still the enemy's colours dip,
Still the boarders go leaping by,
Pistol ready and cutlass high.
Victory! But we see afar
Old Saint Paul's and a funeral car.

Toronto, Ont.

J. E. MIDDLETON.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

Ye mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

England.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

A RECKONING

Ye who would reckon with England—
  Ye who would sweep the seas
Of the flag that Rodney nailed aloft
  And Nelson flung to the breeze—
Count well your ships, and your men,
  Count well your horse and your guns,
For they who reckon with England
  Must reckon with England's sons.

Ye who would challenge England—
  Ye who would break the might
Of the little Isle in the foggy sea
  And the lion-heart in the fight—
Count well your horse and your swords,
  Weigh well your valour and guns,
For they who ride against England
  Must sabre her million sons.

Ye who would roll to warfare
  Your hordes of peasants and slaves,
To crush the pride of an empire
  And sink her fame in the waves—
Test well your blood and your metal,
  Count well your troops and your guns,
For they who battle with England
  Must war with a Mother's sons.

St. John, N.B.

THEODORE ROBERTS.

THE WORLD MOTHER

By crag and lonely moor she stands,
  This mother of half a world's great men,
And kens them far by sea-wracked lands,
  Or Orient jungle or Western fen.

And far out 'mid the mad turmoil,
  Or where the desert places keep
Their lonely hush, her children toil,
  Or wrapt in wide-world honour sleep.

Brave sons of her, far severed wide,
  By purpling peak or reeling foam,
From Western ridge or Orient side,
  She calls them home, she calls them home.

For the Scotsman's speech is wise and slow,
  And the Scotsman's thought it is hard to ken;
But through all the yearnings of man that go,
  His heart is the heart of the northern glen.

For there's something strong and something true
  In the wind where the sprig of heather is blown;
And something great in the blood so blue.
  That makes him stand like a man alone.

Yea, give him the road and loose him free,
  He sets his teeth to the fiercest blast,
For there's never a toil in a far countrie,
  But a Scotsman tackles it hard and fast.

He builds their commerce, he sings their songs,
  He weaves their creeds with an iron twist,
And making of laws or righting of wrongs,
  He grinds it all as the Scotsman's grist.

Yea, there by crag and moor she stands,
  This Mother of half a world's great men,
And out of the heart of her haunted lands
  She calls her children home again.

And over the glens and the wild sea floors
  She peers so still as she counts her cost,
With the whaups low calling over the moors,
  "Woe, woe, for the great ones she hath lost."

Ottawa, Canada.

WILFRED CAMPBELL.

THE CANADIAN

A thousand leagues from Plymouth shore,
  In broader lands I saw the light.
I never heard the cannon roar
  Or saw a mark of England's might;
Save that my people lived in peace,
  Bronzed in the harvest sun,
And thought that tyranny would cease,
  That battle-days were done.

And still the flag of England
  Streamed on a friendly breeze,
And twice two hundred ships of war
  Went surging through the seas.

I heard Polonius declaim
  About the new, the golden age,
When Force would be the mark of shame
  And men would curb their murderous rage.
"Beat out your swords to pruning hooks,"
  He shouted to the folk.
But I—I read my history books
  And marvelled as he spoke.

For it was glorious England,
  The mother of the Free,
Who loosed that foolish tongue, but sent
  Her Admirals to sea.

And liberty and love were ours,
  Home, and a brood of lusty sons,
The long, North sunlight and the flow'rs.
  How could we think about the guns,
The searchlights on a wintry cloud,
  The seamen, stern and bold,
Since we were hurrying with the crowd
To rake the hills for gold?

But it was glorious England
  Who scanned the threatening morn.
To me the very name of her
  Is like a bugle-horn.

Toronto, Ont.

J. E. MIDDLETON.

Published under the Auspices of the Dominion Educational Committee, Navy League of Canada.

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Æmilius Jarvis, S.S.D.
103 Bay St., Toronto.

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